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TALES.

"BEAR AND FORBEAR."

FROM MRS. S. C. HALL'S TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS.

Part the First.

"JOSEPH, my dear," said Mrs. Smith to her husband, replacing her watch; Mr. Smith was reading in a very indolent-looking lounging chair, and took no notice whatever of the tender epithet that so tenderly glided from his fair lady's lips.

"My love," she said, and now a delicate ear could distinguish that her voice was raised a semi-tone higher than it was when she said "my dear;" yet still Mr. Smith made no reply, though he wielded the paper-knife to accelerate his studies.

Mrs. Smith—Mrs. Joseph Smith, I should say—was as pretty and pettish a little lady as could be found between Hyde Park corner and the noisy end of Sloane-street; and Mr. Joseph Smith was as dreamy and absent in mind and habits as his lady was irritable, "fussy," and particular. He was *very* absent, sometimes mistaking his wife's bonnet for his own hat—putting a white waistcoat over a black one—remembering every thing, in fact, that ought to be forgotten, and forgetting everything that ought to be remembered—building castles in the air, and paying no attention, that he could possibly avoid, to the earthly castle (a gaily furnished house) in which they resided. He was fond of reading, and fancied he understood moral philosophy.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Smith, and her voice was now so decidedly elevated, that the little spaniel, who was pretending to sleep on the hearth-rug, opened his eyes, yawned, and stretching himself, walked over to his mistress, who next, in a really angry tone, exclaimed, "Mr. Smith!" Still the reader made no reply; and the lady, after darting a look of bitter scorn at the insensible gentleman, flounced out of the room, "banging" the door, while the little fat spaniel stood looking after her in stupid astonishment.

Mr. Smith remained alone for about twenty minutes, quite unconscious of his lady's departure. At last, starting suddenly up from his book, he exclaimed, "My dear Lizzy, I have made a great moral discovery, which, if acted upon, will revolutionize society. I cannot explain it to you just yet, but you may guess its magnitude and importance, when I tell you it will render mankind honest. They—but are you there, my dear?"

He walked to the bay window, where, half-shaded by the curtain, the lady generally sat, so that she could see, as she said, her work and the street, and whatever was going on in the room, at the same time; he then opened the drawing room door, and called "Lizzy" and "my love" repeatedly; there was no answer; he rang the bell. "My mistress is gone out, sir," was the footman's reply.

"Did she leave any message for me?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"That will do," said Mr. Smith; and then he thought to himself, "it was very strange of her to go out without saying a word to me on the subject; and she knows we had agreed to go some-where—I really forgot to find out where—together and to be there exactly at two." He looked at his watch, and found that, having forgotten to wind it, it did not go; he then cast his eyes on the time-piece; that being under Mrs. Smith's care, was clicking away merrily; it was then ten minutes after the appointed time. "Dear me," thought Mr. Smith, "I daresay she is gone to the appointment. How very odd that she should not have called me;" he repeated this several times to himself, for he was sadly perplexed at finding his wife quite out of the way when he wanted her; and when his habits and ideas were disturbed, he always continued fidgetty and uncomfortable until again chained down by reverting to some old, or commencing some new, dream. Starting, as if from the action of a galvanic battery, he caused the bell to ring a peal through the house. "Tell the cook," he said to the footman, "there are two gentlemen to dine here at seven."

"Please, sir, my mistress ordered dinner at half-past five, as she said she was going to a party."

"Very awkward," muttered Mr. Smith; "I remember she said something about that; but I thought it was to-morrow. However, it must be seven, and a proper dinner—fish, soup—you understand me?"

About five o'clock Mrs. Smith returned in high spirits; she had been to a delightful little concert—the engagement her absent husband had forgotten. Her apparently unaccountable absence had put him out of temper. "So," he said, "you are come back; and really, Elizabeth, I think it was very wrong of you to go out, and by yourself too, without saying a word to me, particularly as we were going to the Diorama, or some such place, together."

"Now, really, this is very cruel of you, Joseph," answered the lady, withdrawing the cheek she had

held down for a kiss; "I called you four times and you sat there like a stock or a stone, minding me no more than I were a stock or a stone. I knew my cousin would be waiting for me; as the concert was early—"

"You know very well," interrupted her husband, "you never called me. Now, I remember I particularly wanted to go to a concert, and you knew it."

"You never told me so."

"Psha!" exclaimed Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Smith stamped her little foot as she rang the bell. Bells are ill-used things where there is much domestic contention; and now the wire reeved and cracked, and the tongue rattled violently within its brazen mouth. "Is dinner ready?" she inquired. The man looked at his master.

"No," said Mr. Smith, and there was much strength and decision in the little monosyllable.—"Mr. Orepoint and Mr. Harrison dine here at seven. I remember having forgotten to tell you that, though I *did* tell you of my wish to go to the concert."

But Mrs. Smith made no retort touching the concert. She seemed petrified at something her husband had said, until at last she burst into tears, sobbing forth, she did not know what she had done, that he should insult her so. Mr. Smith looked astonished, and inquired what she meant; and she reminded him that Mr. Orepoint was "the man" who had jilted her poor sister Amelia; that it was impossible he (Mr. Smith) could have forgotten the circumstance, as he had heard it so often; and that, for her part, she would not stay in the house with such a wretch as Orepoint. The moment he came in she would go out; she had made up her mind to that. The absent Mr. Smith was overwhelmed; the little resolution he indulged in vanished. He remembered the circumstance when it was too late, reminded his wife of his forgetful habit, and said he "would do any thing he could." Mrs. Smith dried her tears a little, and replied, that he must write and "say any thing" to put Orepoint off; and then he found he had forgotten Mr. Orepoint's address.

Never was unfortunate husband in a greater fever of perplexity than Mr. Smith during the next hour and a half. Finding that, often as he addressed his wife, she in her turn made no reply, he went into his little dressing-room, with a vague idea that he had something to do. His reflection in the looking-glass reminded him that he was not dressed for dinner. He went through the duties of the toilet with a perfect attention to what he was

about, and was selecting from the cabinet a table snuff-box, which contained some peculiar snuff, when a loud double knock caused him to hasten down with the first box he met with in his hand, without taking another peep at his pretty little sulky wife; if he had, he would have found that her sulks were gone, and that she was preparing to do the honors of the house. Mrs. Smith was not in any degree husband-hunting for her sister Amelia; but it occurred to her that Mr. Orepont would not have accepted the invitation, if he had not some desire to renew the intimacy that once existed between the families. He was still a *bon parti*, older by six years than when he jilted Amelia; and she thought Amelia had never loved any one so well since. Besides, Amelia had been a flirt; she knew that; and fancied her judgment on Mr. Orepont was sudden. Nor did she like sitting for four or five hours by herself; and perhaps, after all, she had been more vexed at not going to the party than at Mr. Orepont's coming to dinner. So just as Mr. Smith had finished an apology concerning her absence, she entered the room, and thus afforded fresh ground for displeasure. A little forbearance, and she could have made all smooth, but her pettishness was again in the ascendant.—The dinner increased the formality, which the flirting of Mr. Orepont had it not in his power to assuage. In his difficulty of knowing what to talk about, he inquired after her "fair sister;" and Mrs. Smith, while her husband was describing to Mr. Harrison the proposed workings of his new moral theory, managed to draw him into a conversation as to old times, that was proceeding quite in accordance with her desire.

Just at that moment Mr. Smith, with the suddenness which characterised all his movements, asked Mr. Orepont if he were particular in the flavor of his snuff, and Mr. Smith sent up his snuff-box; it had hardly glided over the snowy damask to its destination, when the mistaking Smith exclaimed, "Not that box, Mr. Orepont; not that. Do me the favor to return it; that is not the one I intended."

"And why not?" replied the bland gentleman—"why not? Here is a charming likeness of your lady and sister, most exquisitely painted, and superbly set, the beauty of the one doing justice to the beauty of the other."

"Ah!" said the absent man, "I thought it might revive the memory of—." Mrs. Smith, by a sudden effort, managed to interrupt the rest of the sentence. Mr. Smith rallied, but was again stopped by a timely interruption. "Mr. Smith, you are throwing your walnut shells on the carpet, and they crush it and cut it so, that I must beg you to be more careful."

"I declare most solemnly," said the husband, "I have not cracked a single walnut yet; I was only twisting the nut-crackers."

"You say any thing to gain your point," muttered the lady, but not so low as to escape her husband's ear, who—like the animals in the menageries, when "poked up" that they may waken and show off their nature, such as it is—was on the *qui vive* for an attack. Without waiting for a reply, she rose from her seat, and in leaving the table, had the address to carry off, unnoticed, the unfortunate box to her own apartment.

It was a damp, drizzling evening, and the church clocks had just "gone" a quarter past ten,

when a carriage stopped at the door of a handsome house in one of the gorgeous streets that have arisen out of the damps and ditches of the "Five Fields." From this carriage Mrs. Joseph Smith alighted, and rushing up her cousin Mrs. Mansfield's stairs, did not wait for the servant's announcement. The lady whom she sought, after her day's ill-managed fever, was very different in character and conduct from the petted pettish little creature who, full of bitterness and vexation, flew to her for the advice she persuaded herself she required from "her dear Madeline;" but pretty Mrs. Smith always made up her mind—not a very large thing to make up—and acted upon her resolve, before she took counsel at all.

Mrs. Mansfield was sitting in her splendid drawing-room alone; her embroidery frame stood beside her chair; and the bright and dead gold she was working into a satin scarf for her husband glittered beneath the light of the beautiful lamp, that shone without dazzling or disturbing the stately character of the apartment. "Oh!" she exclaimed, as she rose to meet her cousin—"oh! your knock set my heart beating; I thought it was Edward."

"What!" inquired Elizabeth, "has he not been home since the concert? He told you to wait dinner."

"So, I did until half-past seven; but he does not wish me to wait beyond that."

"Then," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, "if he did not wish me to wait, that's the very reason I would wait; if he served me as he has been serving you these six years, the un—"

"Hush, Elizabeth," said her cousin; and her "hush" was decisive, both from its tone and the expression that accompanied it. "I allow no one to cast reflections on my husband. Pray, sit down and tell me what fresh annoyance has brought you here this evening? You told me of your great trouble this morning; how that my good friend Joseph would not answer when spoken to. As you have known that habit as long as you have known him, I was somewhat astonished at your making a complaint of it now; and I told you to resort to your old practice, and jog his elbow; Joseph will feel the shake when he does not hear the words."

"Well, and so I did when I went home; but he was as rude as a bear; insisted that he wished to have been at the concert, and had told me so, which he never did."

"He thought he had, and that should have made you endure the assertion. You know he is quite incapable of intended falsehood."

"I cannot describe his conduct. He invited that Mr. Orepont with Harrison to dinner, and he knew I was going to a party."

"He forgot it," murmured Mrs. Mansfield.

"Orepont, who behaved so ill to Amelia," continued Mrs. Smith; "and I refused to meet him at dinner; and then I thought better of it, and dressed and came down; and instead of being grateful for my doing so, Smith looked thunders when I entered the drawing-room."

"One kind word from you would have smoothed it all; but you are so touchy, that instead of forbearing, you said something rude or odd?" observed Madeline.

"I said nothing to him, at all events," she continued. "He knows I am hasty."

"Granted: and you know he is absent."

"My goodness, Madeline! you speak as if all the duty was on one side."

"Not at all; the truest and only rule to render married life happy—the law, divine as well as moral, 'BEAR AND FORBEAR,' is imperative on both."

"Then it should be practised by both," said Lizzy.

"Granted most fully," answered her cousin; "and in your case it is simply because it is practised by neither, that you spend your days bickering about the straws of life."

"How you talk, Madeline. Straws indeed.—Would you believe it—he was going to tell the strange odd-sounding story of the foreigner who painted Amelia's miniature and mine on the box, whom we believed to be a count, and—a—desirable person; in short, one who might have done for Amelia; and how we found him out. Well, he was absolutely going to tell the whole of that to Orepont, and before Harrison, too, who is a sort of patent reporter."

"Oh, you could have turned the conversation," said Madeline.

"My dear, I tried; but it only made matters worse."

"How unfortunate. Well my motto, remember, is 'Bear and Forbear.' You know what I have often told you, that I never knew a matrimonial quarrel where *all* the wrong was on one side."

"But, Madeline," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, "it's all very well for the woman to forbear if the man will bear, or *vice versa*; but I cannot understand why a woman is to be trampled on."

"Nor I; if a woman perform her duty, she cannot be trampled on. There is no mention in the marriage ceremonial of a wife's being obedient if the husband be affectionate, or the husband's protecting and cherishing if the wife be obedient. No matter how the husband performs his portion of the compact, the wife is bound to perform hers."

"The men ought to be mightily obliged to you," said Mrs. Smith, sarcastically.

"Not so much as the women," answered Madeline. "I love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty, unblinded by the sunshine, unscared by the storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave—heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names"—and, carried away by the enthusiasm of the feeling, she clasped her hands together—"but whose names will be bright here, after, even beside the brightness of angels. Lizzy, it grieves me to see you frittering away your happiness. You are married to a man without faults—generous, faithful, and wonderfully patient; domestic, and yet leaving you mistress of your house and actions."

"When he prevents my going to a place of amusement, and insults me at a horrid seven o'clock dinner?" thrust in poor Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, nonsense, dearest; mere fibres upon which to hang a quarrel; he has heaps of peculiarities, I know; and you have only to laugh and humor them, as you used to do about two years ago, to be as happy as the summer day is long; but beware! if you get into a quarreling habit, he will do the same; a straw has a tube large enough to contain gunpowder: a few more such quarrels as that which must have occurred to drive you at

this hour from your house, when you ought to be in your drawing-room, would destroy the happiness of any home. Go back, tell him you are sorry for the quarrel, and never mind whether he says, or does not say, *he is sorry*; but don't strive to find out who began it, or who did not. You are sorry for the quarrel, are you not?" There was an increase of pout, but no reply. "Elizabeth, I am older, and you say wiser than you; do not, I entreat you, thrust your happiness from you; if you do so in the days of your early marriage, you may hunt after it in vain. It is a foolish saying that the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love; but this I tell you, wedded quarrels are the knell of love. Go home, dearest cousin; forget your offended dignity; remember how tender your husband has been to you in sickness; recall not how much of your waywardness he has resented but how much he has endured; think how he provided for your brother, and his liberality to your family—these are great things to set against small vexations. The idea of quarrelling with a husband because he sometimes has a little mental wandering, and does not immediately hear what you say, or because he drops walnut shells on the carpet, is really too absurd. Go home, my dear, like a good wife, and think no more of this nonsense."

Mrs. Mansfield was now ALONE, and alone she remained until the chimes of the time-piece arrested her attention—it was a quarter past one. She rang the bell, directed the footman to desire her maid to go to bed, and ordered that all the servants should retire. In a few minutes an old and faithful domestic who had attended Mr. Mansfield from his boyhood, and was now half-vallet, half-steward, entered the room, and told his mistress that he hoped she did not mean him to go to bed? "I've sat up many a night for my master, and for his father before him," said the man, "and never rose the later for it; and I hope you will let me wait now as well as ever? I am sure, late or early, I am never tired. The air is cold, and it looks—I beg your pardon for saying so—strange to the other servants for their mistress to open the door; I will only do *that*, ma'am. I wish I could do any thing to show my gratitude for those who have done so much for me." Incidents sometimes occur at war with all forms, that touch the heart deeply; there was so much kindness and delicacy in these few words, that Madeline thanked Lewis, and told him he might wait up if he pleased. Mr. Mansfield was a man of station, wealth—and talents—the peculiar talents so much admired in society; his humor was buoyant, graceful, and accompanied by a constitutional good temper, that cheered others, while it was refreshing to himself; but with all his accomplishments, he had one serious fault—in his character there was no stability, his good resolutions melted away before the first temptation, and his want of fixed principles rendered him the easy captive of the last passion or the last speaker. He was so courted abroad, that is his home had been neglected, or his wife other than she was, he would never have been seen at his own house. Mrs. Mansfield, loving her husband with more than the usual love even of woman, had latterly entertained the ambition of being her husband's friend; to accomplish this, she sacrificed all small feelings, stifled at their birth all petty, or what many women would consider any thing but petty, grievances, and determined to watch and

wait for an opportunity to withdraw him from the vortex of fashion, folly, and, it might be, worse, into which he was plunged.

She had observed lately that her husband shunned her more than usual. He avoided their being alone, though he treated her with more than usual tenderness. He was connected, she knew, with many speculations; and she had heard of the failure of one or two houses, whose principals frequently dined at their table. She knew that he had lost by gambling, but of that they had spoken. Mrs. Mansfield was too wise to set herself against her husband's amusements. In reality, nothing could give him pleasure without interesting her; and besides, she dreaded the coldness which so frequently arises in wedded life from the wife playing the monitor instead of the companion—the former destroying, the latter promoting that interchange of feelings and opinions beneficial to both husband and wife. She watched for his return on this particular night with more than her usual anxiety; she had ample cause for this and other sensations. She was less composed than she thought she had ever been before, had less command over herself; and thus it was she wished to have felt that every eye in the house was closed, every ear deaf except her own, when he returned. At last, when another and another hour had passed into eternity, she lit a taper, and stole silently, as mothers steal, into the nursery. Her boy was not asleep; his hands were hot and feverish; and when he saw her, he sprang up in his little bed, and clasped his arms around her neck. "I cannot sleep, mamma, I am so hot and thirsty; but I did not like to waken nurse. Take me into your cold room, mamma; do, dear mamma, and I will not wake papa; you see I did not wake nurse."—Madeline was delighted with the child's consideration, and, alarmed at his evident illness, she carried him into her room, and laid him on the bed, while she found him something to drink. "Where is papa?" inquired the boy; "the stars are going out, and the sky will soon be red before the sun gets up. Where is papa?"

A loud knock replied to the boy's question; the child drank eagerly; and Mrs. Mansfield was hastening across the stair-case with him in her arms, when her husband, rushing up stairs, called to her to stop. Mr. Mansfield was far too refined to yield to a habit of intoxication, but he was then unsteady from the effects of wine.

"Is Charles ill?" he inquired.

"He is a little hot and feverish, dear Mansfield," replied his mother; "and I think the nursery is too close; he will be better for this change of air."

Mr. Mansfield stooped to kiss him. "It is you are hot, I think," said the child, peevishly, putting up his little hand to push away his father's face; "your breath is so hot—there, don't kiss me any more;" and he nestled his head on his mother's shoulder.

Mr. Mansfield scowled upon both, as Madeline had never seen him do before. "The child has been taught that," he said, bitterly.

Madeline raised her eyes to his; she made no reply; nor did a reproachful expression rest upon her features. Their eyes met: it would be impossible to describe her look, so clear, so full of truth. There was evidently a struggle in her husband's mind between his real nature and the occurrences

and habits of the time; but his better angel triumphed. He kissed her cheek; she made no allusion to the injustice of his words, but returned his caress as affectionately as if they had not been spoken.

[To be Continued.]

From the English Church Quarterly Review.

LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

HORATIO NELSON was born in 1758. She who bore the perils of his birth did not survive to be glad at his greatness. At nine Nelson was motherless—at twelve he quitted school—and some of his playfellows were yet launching their paper galleons on Norfolk ponds when Nelson had gained respect and reputation for his name. A trip of a few brief months' duration with his maternal uncle Captain Suckling, just introduced him to naval life without affording him instruction. The latter he derived under Captain John Rathborn, a naval officer, engaged for the time in the West India trade, under whom Nelson acquired a thorough acquaintance with practical seamanship and was ever ready to acknowledge his obligation. Horatio began his real service in the royal navy by entering the *Triumph*, rated as "captain's servant." In a year or so he became midshipman, the duties of which office he efficiently performed during four or five years on board the same vessel, and in the *Carcas*, the *Seahorse*, and the *Dolphin*. During this period he saw active service in every climate from the North Pole to Bagdad and Bassora.—We next find him as lieutenant on board the *Worcester* and the *Lowestoft*.

While on board the last-mentioned vessel he made his first prize, gallantly boarding and capturing an American privateer, from an attempt at which the first lieutenant had retired unsuccessful; and this was accomplished when he was only nineteen years of age! So fond was he of this branch of his profession, that he changed to the schooner *Lucy*, with a sort of roving commission, of which the American traders soon became tremblingly conscious. He subsequently served in the *Bristol* (the flag-ship of Sir Peter Parker) in the three degrees of lieutenantancy; and, in 1778, ere he was yet twenty, the boy was captain of the *Badger* brig, and with men eager to obey him. But his just ambition was not yet satisfied; and when in his twenty-first year he had the delight of finding himself posted, and in command of the *Hinchinbrook*, his whole course of daring and dangerous service in the Gulf of Mexico plainly manifested that he was keeping in view that "top of the tree" whose leafy honors first invited him from his father's rectory. In 1782 he was employed in convoy service; and having occasionally some idle time on shore at Quebec, the young commander got into mischief, that is he fell most imprudently into love. His friends carried him by violence on board; the sea air cured his passion; and his lucky joining with Hood's fleet, and his subsequent busy time in the West Indies, effectually kept his thoughts from any lady then on land. The piping time of peace put him for a season on half-pay. A portion of 1793, and of the year following it was passed in France. With idleness came evil; and, having nothing better to do, Nelson fell desperately in love with the dowerless daughter of an English clergyman, who, there is some reason to believe was little

affected by the magic he could offer her of half-pay and love in a cottage. The sea again stood his friend. In 1784 the *Boreas* carried him to the Leeward Islands.

In the island of Nevis he became acquainted with Mrs. Nisbet, the widow of a surgeon who had died insane a year and a half after their marriage. Unfortunately she made a husband of him. She, perhaps, thought it a condescension to marry a man who was of a puny constitution—who was reduced to a skeleton—and who put his hopes of recovery in asses' milk and doctors." However this may be, she never looked upon him as a hero, nor was she worthy of being a hero's wife. She would have been exemplary as the spouse of a village apothecary; she was highly virtuous, very respectable, and exceedingly ill-tempered. The ill-assorted pair were united in 1786; they reached England in 1787, in which year Nelson was kept for months on board his ship at Sheerness, merely taking in slops and lodging pressed seamen. And then ensued the quietest six years of his life; they were passed at Burnham Thorpe, and they were got through with tolerable good success. As a quiet country couple, there was nothing to disturb their stagnant felicity. Nelson busied himself in gardening, getting birds' nests and fretting for employment.

It came in 1793; when, in place of capturing birds' nests, Nelson in the *Agamemnon*, was with the fleet at the capture of Toulon, its forts and its navy. But other things came in 1793, too. Nelson was sent to Naples with despatches for our minister, Sir William Hamilton. He was much on shore, and mischief came of it, of course. Sir William told his wife, the too famous, too erring, and yet much sinned-against Lady Hamilton, that a little man was coming to dine with him, who was infirm and ill-looking, but who had in him the stuff of a hero, and who was undoubtedly destined to be the man for the difficulties coming. If Emma Hamilton loved a virtue, it was that of courage and ability in man; she loved heroes, and her ardent feelings were soon interested in Nelson.

Lord Howe appointed him (over five senior captains) to blockade Genoa. In 1794 he was active against the French in Corsica, and his men so entered into his own spirit that, as he said himself, they minded shot no more than peas. But for him Bastia would not have been taken, nor, perhaps, Calvi, where he received the injury to his right eye which ultimately deprived it of sight. His labor was incessant, and his health most wretched; but he was too busy to be invalidated. He now dared to disobey orders when he judged that circumstances authorized him, and he was no bad judge; he had now been engaged one hundred times—he was literally the hero of a hundred fights. His ship, when docked, in order to be refitted, had neither mast, yard, sail or rigging, that did not need repair in consequence of the shot she had received; her hull had long been secured by cables sewed around her. Nelson exhibited such discretion in disobeying orders, and success so invariably followed action that resulted from judgement of his own, that at length his admirals ceased to give him any close orders at all. Sir John Jervis left him to act as he thought best; the result was that, in two years, Nelson captured fifty French vessels; and the navy itself, under Jervis and his pale captain,

became perfectly invincible. Up to 1797 victory followed victory; there was abundance of honor and salt-beef; but neither prize-money nor even notice in the Gazette. He consoled himself by saying that he would one day have a Gazette of his own and all to himself. He had well nigh deserved it for the crowning fight at St. Vincent; he was in the thickest of the struggle when the odds against us were twenty-seven to fifteen. It made Jervis an earl and Nelson a knight, and it opened a new era in naval strategy; for never from that day has British captain bent upon victory paused to count his enemy, or deferred his triumph in calculating the disparity of power.

Honors were both lavished on, and conferred by the frail conqueror of the *San Josef* and the *San Nicholas*. Corporations flung their municipal freedoms at his feet, and gave him endless invitations to dinner. The only thing that he ever designated as dreadful was meeting a provincial mayor and aldermen! They voted him more swords than he could ever hope to employ; but they were all out-weighed by that which he himself presented to the corporation of Norwich—the sword which had been surrendered to him by his gallant but vanquished foe on board the *San Josef*.

Norwich will be proud of her trophy when no memory remains of her crapes and bombazines or of the fair forms which wore them. The government too, made him a rear-admiral of the blue.—His king made him a peer who among men was peerless. Parliament thanked him; the nation adored him.

From the same year to that which closed the century, 1800, his presence was all but ubiquitous in the Mediterranean, and his name was uttered with awe and reverence all over the world.

In 1802 hostilities were again renewed, and as a matter of course all eyes were turned to the defender of his country. His eyesight was failing; he had actual fears of becoming blind, but all his fears were suppressed in his eagerness to be of use in his native land. It may be noticed that in this year Sir William Hamilton died; and the fact that Nelson's continued correspondence with the graceful widow is, from this time, no longer addressed to her as "dear friend," but "dearest Emma," plainly, denote the nature of the connection by which they were now bound.

He arrived at Merton on the 20th of August, 1805. On the 13th of the following month, Captain Blackwood called on Nelson at five in the morning with the news that the French and Spanish fleets were in the harbor of Cadiz; Nelson was up and dressed, and ready to start to "give Monsieur Villeneuve a drubbing." The two proceeded to the admiralty, the lords of which were now all eager to grant whatever Nelson asked.

On the 21st of October he went into battle, after fervent prayer to God. How, under fearful odds he beat his enemy, is known to every school-boy. Since that day, Spain has ceased to be a naval power, and France is yet struggling to recover the position from which the hero of that day flung her down.

Almost the last words uttered by Nelson were the expression of a hope that his country would provide for Lady Hamilton and for his adopted daughter. Nelson's wife was alive, and the marriage had been without issue. Who then was this stranger that so closely occupied the last thoughts

of the hero—and who the "adopted daughter?"—for such was the designation that engaged so engrossing a share of his love.

As for Lady Nelson, she was indeed alive, but she had long been dead to him. The pair, from the first, had been ill-matched; and what began ill begot no happy consequences. Nelson himself had warmth enough of temperament for two; his wife had none.

The remarkable individual—as remarkable for her great sufferings and great sorrows as for her great errors—who was in a certain degree the cause of breaking up the indifferent home which Nelson found in the companionship of his wife, may be said to have been the last of a race proverbial for bewitching and irresistible beauty—viz. the Lancashire witches. She was born at Preston, 1764; her father's name was Lyon, and her parents were of menial condition. The child, named Emma, was, on the early death of her father, taken by her mother to Hawarden, in Flintshire, where her remaining parent sought to support both by industry, and where Emma grew every day in beauty and ignorance. When old enough she was sent forth to earn her own livelihood. She commenced life in the humble condition of a nursery-maid in a family at Hawarden; subsequently she was engaged in the same capacity with Dr. Budd, Chatham-place, Black-friars.

The first public sin, if we may so express it, was the consequence of the exercise of a great virtue. It was the time of the first American war. The press-gangs were in actual pursuit of their terrible calling, and by one of these a humble acquaintance had been captured, and was confined on board a tender in the Thames. She personally interceded to procure his liberty; the officer to whom the application was made, was captain, afterwards admiral, Willet Payne, the companion of the Prince of Wales. This man drove a bargain, and became what is cruelly called the "protector" of the friendless Emma. The first false step made, the descent was rapid. From the dissolute seaman she was won by a profligate squire, Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh; and she speedily enraptured a whole shire of country gentlemen by her bold and graceful riding, subdued them by her wit, and charmed them, they knew not wherefore, by the refinement of her manners. It is a curious trait marking such a career that, though the baronet was nearly ruined by the extravagant profusions into which he plunged for her sake, to the end of life he spoke of her and wrote to her in terms of the profoundest respect. It was a period when provincial squires were not noted for much delicacy of manner; they had not yet adopted the advice of Lord Chesterfield, and become gentlemanlike in their vices; but nevertheless, like the Athenians of old, they could praise a virtue which they did not practice; not decent themselves, they could admire decency in others.

The unfortunate and fallen woman, on her separation from her ruined admirer, soon learned a deeper misery than she had endured in her native home and early privations. She was at length on the point of being turned into the street by her landlord, who had no admiration for penniless tenants, however greatly endowed with beauty, when she fell in the way of the most stupendous quack that ever gulled the most gullible of patient publics.—We need hardly name the once famous Dr. Gra-

ham, who, with his mysterious chambers, golden beds, seraphic music, and impudent medical lectures, for some time persuaded the people that he could lead them to the fountain where played the waters endowing men with eternal and vigorous youth. That he was mysterious only proved that he had a secret, and that it was well worth knowing and richly worth paying for. This quack hired the hungry and heart-broken beauty, exhibited her as the "Goddess of Health," lectured upon her as the result of his system, and made half the fashionable women of his day mad to become like her, glowing with health and splendid with beauty. This public exhibition gave her a particular fame among artists; she became the eagerly sought after and highly purchased model of the day.

We do not know that we may say that she was rescued from this sort of life by meeting with Mr. Charles Fulke Greville. He was not a mere squire but a gentleman and a connoisseur; he so loved beauty that when he beheld her he longed to possess her as he would have longed to possess a Grecian statue. In this case the matter was negotiable; she passed from the studio to the bower. Mr. Greville discovered her mental powers as well as admired her material beauty, and he was human enough to do—what no human being had ever yet thought of doing—educate her. It came of the latest, when the tares had choked the wheat. She progressed, indeed, rapidly in all she studied, and in music she attained a wonderful perfection, her voice even in speaking, was one to melt the heart; in singing it fairly carried it off by magic. If vanity accompanied the possession of powers such as no one has since possessed—not even our now silent Nightingale—her apology is in her course of life, for much of which others were responsible.—This vanity reached its culmination one night at Ranelagh, when, intoxicated by the remarks flung in her way like flowers as she passed, she electrified the entire crowd by breaking forth into song, and, by the exercise of her unequalled vocalization, flung uncontrollable ecstasy over the idle public of the place.

"Mr. Greville (says Mr. Pettigrew, in his interesting 'Sketch of Lady Hamilton') had gone farther than he intended, and became alarmed at her fondness for admiration, and ventured to reproach her for her indiscretion. She retired to her room, threw off her elegant attire in which she was clothed, and, presenting herself before him in a plain cottage dress, proposed to relieve him of her presence. This act, however, served only the more securely to bind him in his chains, and a reconciliation took place." It is reported that three children were the fruit of this connection; but there is a letter from Nelson to Lady Hamilton in these very volumes, and which, if it does not prove the contrary, shows at least that Nelson knew nothing of it—a not likely circumstance if the alleged fact were one in reality. However this may be, Dr. Pettigrew adds; "In the splendid misery in which she lived she hastened to call to her mother, to whom she was though life most affectionate and attentive."

In 1789, the year of many sorrows, Mr. Greville found himself, by the French Revolution and other accidents, a nearly ruined man. His uncle, Sir William Hamilton, our minister at Naples, stepped in to relieve him of many of his embarrass-

ments—among them of the lady to whom perhaps some of them might be traced.

Under the tuition and government of Sir William she improved so greatly, and obtained such complete sway over him, that he resolved upon making her his wife. They came to England, and on the 6th September, 1791, she, writing the name of Emma Harte (an assumed name under which she had long been known) he married her at the church of St. George, Hanover Square, resolving to return with her to Naples that she might there be recognized by the Neapolitan court.

It was in the year 1793 that Nelson first saw this dangerous beauty. From the period of her arrival, up to this time, she appears to have been the only source of joy and admiration to the Neapolitan court. The Duke of Sussex retained to the last lively recollections of her charms, and of the effect she produced when singing with the famous Mrs. Billington. In the eventful year last named, Nelson landed at Naples with despatches from Lord Hood. Sir William, as we have said, on returning home after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would be the greatest man that England ever produced. "I know it," (said Sir William,) from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce (said the minister) that he will one day astonish the world.

While all at Naples were at the very high top-gallant of their joy, Lady Hamilton induced the court to break altogether with the French. The ambassador of the republic was consequently dismissed with scanty courtesy and in considerable haste. When, at a later period, a French army marched on Naples itself, and the royal family were reduced to fly to Palermo, the chief arrangements for the safety of the lives and properties of others were made or carried out by Lady Hamilton; she privately removed from the palace the royal jewels and thirty-six barrels of gold. These were marked "Stores for Nelson," and under that device were safely shipped. Indeed, it was not till the treasure was secured that the king consented to embark. In a despatch to the admiralty Lord Nelson says—"Lady Hamilton seemed to be an angel dropped from heaven for the preservation of the royal family," to effect that preservation she was regardless of her own. On the night in which she personally assisted the king, queen, and children to escape, she attended a party given by Kellim Effendi; she withdrew from this party on foot, leaving her equipage in front of the house, hastened to the place of meeting, conducted the royal family by a subterranean passage to Nelson's boat waiting to receive them, embarked with the fugitives, and with them went before the storm that blew them to Palermo. To accomplish this, Sir William and his wife voluntarily abandoned their entire possessions in their house at Naples—they did not convey away a single article. The whole of their private property was thus left behind, in order to prevent discovery of their proceedings in behalf of the royal family. The value of Lady Hamilton's portion thus abandoned, amounted to £9,000; not less than £30,000 worth of property was sacrificed which belonged to Sir William.—The virtue of this article was the sole reward gained by those who made it.

It was in this year (1799) that Sir Alexander Ball, who held a part of Malta, the French occupying another part sent despatches to Nelson at Palermo for provisions, without which he would be compelled to surrender. Nelson was absent at his old occupation, looking after the enemies of England. Lady Hamilton opened the despatches purchased several entire cargoes of corn at her own risk, and forwarded them to the half-starved English in Malta. She expended £5,000 of which not one shilling was ever returned to her. All that she profited thereby was in receiving the order of St. John of Jerusalem from the Emperor Paul, Grand Master of the Knights. England owed her much and acknowledged nothing. The Queen of Naples acted with more generosity; she put into the hands of Lady Hamilton, on parting from her subsequently at Vienna, a conveyance of £1,000 per annum; but the latter magnanimously destroyed the deed, remarking that "England was just, and to her faithful servants generous, and that she should feel it unbecoming to her own beloved and magnanimous sovereign to accept of meed or reward from any other hand."

But the same year is also marked by an occurrence the very mention of which seems to obscure the brightness of Nelson's name, and to fling an additional lurid hue round that of the wife of a British minister. We say *seems*; for in truth there is more of seeming than of reality in it, and yet all is not seeming and there is something real. We allude, of course, to the case of Admiral Prince Carracciolo. According to some he was murdered by Nelson at the instigation of Lady Hamilton, who was so fiercely royalist, that, if we may believe partial writers, the blood of a Jacobin, was to her of marvellous sweet savor.

But the *Foudroyant* was the scene of other disgraces. We come to the mention of them with reluctance, and will narrate them with all possible brevity. In 1800, Sir William Hamilton was superseded as British minister at Naples; he and Lady Hamilton, with the Queen of Naples, were on board Nelson's ship. Nelson himself was now a Neapolitan duke. The whole party were now about to leave the Mediterranean, and, with the exception of the Queen, whose destination was Vienna, to return to England by land through Germany. It was during the passage from Palermo to Malta that the intimacy took place which resulted in the birth of that little Horatia who was long thought to be the daughter of the Queen of Naples, but whom Dr. Pettigrew under Nelson's own hand, proves to be the child of Lady Hamilton. That Nelson was the child's father no one ever doubted. The strange party—husband, wife and friend—reached London in November, 1800. Lady Nelson was not among those who stood first to greet the arrival of the hero, or who at meeting greeted him with any warmth of feeling. She had, possibly heard through her son, Captain Nisbet, of the too friendly terms which existed between her husband and the wife of another. His home was in consequence an unhappy one, and he left it to proceed on an excursion with Sir William and his Lady. The excursion was an ovation which reached its highest point at Fonthill. Here the celebrities in art, rather than the noble by birth, were assembled to meet the illustrious party; here Banti, the Pasta of her day, joined her voice with the ex-ambassador; and here West looked on and smiled.

The final separation between Nelson and his wife took place in the January of 1801.

Dr. Pettigrew cites his letter of Mr. Haslewood to show that the separation was unavoidable on Lord Nelson's part; it appears to us to have been inevitable and necessary.—Perhaps the strangest part of this incident is that Nelson's family closely attached themselves to Lady Hamilton. We must make exception however of the still stranger incident, namely, the birth of Lady Hamilton's daughter at her residence at Piccadilly, the absence of all attempt to confer the honors of paternity on Sir William, and the consequent mystification. The birth took place about the January of 1801. The child was conveyed to a nurse about a week or ten days afterwards, and was not the home companion of its guilty parents until 1803, after the death of Sir William Hamilton. Nelson's daughter still lives and is married to Captain Ward, late of the 81st regiment.

Before the death of Sir William Hamilton, Lord Nelson had made his house their common residence. At the death of the former, he, with something of an affected decency, quitted it for private lodgings. Sir William left his widow totally unprovided for. He thought, as Nelson thought, that the government would not hesitate to make her an ample provision for her services. In the mean time, waiting for an event that was never to occur, Lord Nelson purchased Merton. It is yet the object of many a sailor's pilgrimage, and is about ten minutes' walk from the Wimbledon station. Here he offered the deserted widow and the mother of his child a refuge—nay, more, a home. It was such to her; for there she enjoyed the homage and respect not only of every member of Nelson's family, but also of the great and good of the exterior world. Never was woman placed in so anomalous a condition, in which the anomaly was so carefully concealed from herself and unheeded by the world.

To this, as to all his worldly glory, and to all felicity that had hitherto rested upon Merton, a sudden termination was given by the fatal ball which struck him, when his glory was greatest, on the deck of the *Victory* at Trafalgar. The last request of such a man made in such an hour, and amid such a triumph, purchased by him with his heart's blood—the dying request of such a man ought to have been held sacred by his country. For five years Lady Hamilton struggled on at Merton; she made application to every source, but she applied in vain. The recompense justly due to her for services rendered was withheld or denied under the most shabby and futile pretences. The worst of all, perhaps, was the pretence, or the plea, of the length of time that had expired since the service itself was rendered.

In a codicil annexed to his will, and made by Nelson as he was about to enter into action at Trafalgar, the admiral, with a strong feeling that death was near him, asked two favors of his king and country, in whose defence he was about to offer up his own life—one was, protection and provision for Lady Hamilton, whose late husband was the king's foster-brother; the other, good-will for his "adopted daughter." He solemnly bequeathed both to his sovereign and his fellow-countrymen.

With insufficient means to live in her old dignity at Merton, and with little knowledge of how to make the best of those means, accustomed to find others her stewards and unused to provide for hours

of necessity, she at length found herself compelled to make an assignment of the home which Nelson had established for her and their child. She removed to Richmond, and subsequently, had lodgings in Bond street. Pursued by creditors, without her child, for whom she had no home—and for whom such protection as she could give was not that which a child most needed—she led a miserable life, which was rendered more miserable by her incarceration in 1813, in the King's Bench. She passed ten months in this captivity, and was only relieved at last by the humanity of Alderman Smith. With freedom came no measure of happiness; utterly destitute, and abandoned by those who in the days of her prosperity professed to be her slaves, she fled the country that would not aid her, and sought succour in a foreign land. She found shelter, and nothing more, in Calais, in a miserable house kindly lent her, however, by a Monsieur de Rheims.

Shortly after this her infirmities increased, and ultimately she died at Calais of water on the chest, on the 15th of January, 1815.

Mrs. Hunter was anxious to have her interred according to English custom, for which however, she was only laughed at; and poor Emma was put into a deal box without any inscription. All that this good lady states that she was permitted to do was to make a kind of pall out of her black petticoat stitched on a white curtain. Not an English Protestant clergyman was to be found in all Calais or its vicinity; and, so distressed was this lady to find some one to read the burial service over her remains, that she went to an Irish half-pay officer in the Rue du Harvre, whose wife was a well informed Irish lady.—He was absent at the time; but, being sent for, most kindly went and read the service over the body. Lady Hamilton was buried in a piece of ground in a spot just outside of the town, formerly called the gardens of the Duchess of Kingston, which had been consecrated and was used as a public cemetery till 1815. The ground, which had neither wall nor fence to protect it, was some years since converted into a lumber yard, and no traces of the graves now remain. Mrs. Hunter wished to have placed a head or foot stone, but was refused. She, therefore, placed a piece of wood, in the shape, as she describes it to me, of a battledore, handle downwards, on which was inscribed "Emma Hamilton, England's friend." This was speedily removed—another placed and also removed; and the good lady at length threatened to be shot by the sentinel if she persisted in those offices of charity. A small tombstone was, however, placed there, and was existing in 1833.

MISCELLANY.

PRAYER-BOOKS.

PRAYER-BOOKS answer many useful purposes, besides that of being carefully laid on the drawing room table every Sunday morning. Were it not for these little manuals, people would have nothing to hold before their faces at church, when they are gaping, or ogling their neighbours, or quizzing a new bonnet in the next pew. But the most appropriate, praiseworthy, and important object to which a prayer-book can be applied, is its enabling you to afford incontestible proof that you keep a man servant, when you enter the house of God to for-

swear the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. I have known ladies of all ages who could carry, for any distance, a pet poodle, weighing twenty nine pounds and twelve ounces; but I have seldom known a female of any age who, having a man servant, could carry a prayer-book, weighing four ounces and four pennyweights, from the church door to the door of her pew. As there is a great inconvenience in crowding the aisles with lacqueys, going and returning, both at the commencement and the end of service, I would propose that all ladies should either carry their own prayer-books, or lock them up in their pews; and that those who are entitled to that pious distinction, should have a large label upon their backs, inscribed, "I keep a footman." By this measure we should avoid the inconvenience of which I have complained, while the fair label bearers, carrying their footman at their back, instead of having him always in their head, would still obtain due credit for that Christian humility and devout sense of the proper objects of church-going, which are so clearly evidenced by the display of a handsome man, in a handsome blue livery, with crested buttons, crimson collar and facings, tufted shoulder knots, long worsted tags, and silken tassels!

REFORM.

An adaptation of institutions to circumstances and knowledge, or a restoration to the original purposes, from which they have been perverted, demanded as a right by those who are suffering wrongs, and only denied and abused by those who have been fattening upon abuse. The real Conservatives are the Reformers, the real revolutionists are the corruptionists, who, by opposing quiet, will compel violent change. When the ultras, and the men of this class, whose long misrule, and denial of justice, have inflamed the public mind, charge the Reformers with having thrown the whole country into a blaze, thus accusing the extinguisher of being the firebrand, one is reminded of the incendiary, who in order to avoid detection, turned round and collared the foreman of the engines, exclaiming, "Ha, fellow! have I caught you? This is the rascal who is first and foremost at every fire—seize him! seize him!" There is no Reform Bill in Turkey—no factious opposition—no free press,—no twopenny trash,—yet, in no country are revolutions so frequent.

Reform, however, to be useful and durable, must be gradual and cautious. To those radical gentry of the movement party, who would be always at work, without calculating the mischief or the cost of their vaunted improvements, I recommend the consideration of the following anecdote:—The celebrated orator Henley advertised, that, in a single lecture, he would teach any artisan, of ordinary skill, how to make six pair of good shoes in one day:—nay, six-and-twenty pair, provided there was a sufficiency of materials. The sons of Crispin flocked in crowds, willingly paying a shilling at the door, to be initiated in such a lucrative art, when they beheld the orator seated at a table, on which were placed six pair of new boots. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "nothing is so simple and easy as the art which I have undertaken to teach you. Here are a new pair of boots,—here are a large pair of scissors;—behold! I cut off the legs of the boots, and you have a new pair of shoes, without the smallest trouble; and thus may be

multiplied, *ad infinitum*, supposing always that you have a sufficiency of materials.

WORKS OF FICTION.

Among other objections to these fascinating productions, it has been urged that they create a habit of feeling pity or indignation, without affording us an opportunity to relieve distress, or resist oppression, and by thus awakening our sympathies to imaginary claims, dispose them to slumber when called upon by real ones. The heart, it is argued, may be softened till it is hardened, as there are metals which acquire a greater induration the oftener they are melted. This ingenious theory is more plausible than true. All our benevolent sympathies will be corroborated by exercise, even when not called forth by any real object, as the archer will strengthen his arm by the practice of shooting into the air, and the soldier by engaging in sham-fights learns how to conduct himself in real ones. To suppose that figments weaken our susceptibility to facts, is to imagine that dreams will unfit us for waking realities, and that smoke is more tangible than solids. If the maintainer of this theory will request some kind friend to throw at his head the most pathetic volume ever written it may safely be predicted that the shadow, if it misses him, will make a less sensible impression upon his feelings, than the substance, if it hits him.

A BELL THAT WAS PUT UP IN KING JOHN'S TIME.

"In the days of John king of Atri,* there was a bell put up, which any one that had received an injury went and rang, and the king assembled the wise men, appointed for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened that, after the bell had been up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. Now there was a knight of Atri who had a noble charger, which had become unserviceable through age, so that, to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the town; the horse, driven by hunger raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, and pulling it, the bell rang.—The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which appeared to demand justice.—They decreed, that the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age—a sentence which the king confirmed under a heavy penalty."

* An ancient city of Abruzzo.

ANECDOTE OF OLD DARTMOUTH.

In the class of which Daniel Webster was a member, there was an individual noted for his wagery. One day the Professor of Logic, who by the way was not the most nice and discriminating in his distinctions, was endeavoring to substantiate "that a thing remains the same notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts." Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankees art of whitening, at length held up his jack-knife, inquiring: "Suppose I should lose the blade of my knife, and get another one made and inserted in its place, would it be the same knife it was before?" "To be sure," replied the professor. "Well then," the wag continued, "suppose I should then lose the handle, and get another, would it be the same

knife still?" "Of course!" the professor again replied. But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?" We never learned the professor's reply.

THE GREAT SLAUGHTER THAT KING RICHARD* MADE.

"The good King Richard of England once went beyond sea, with barons, counts, and valiant knights, in a ship, without their horses, and arrived in the land of the sultan.† And, all a-foot as they were, he drew up his battle array, and made much slaughter of the Saracens, that the nurses say to the children when they cry, See! King Richard is a-coming, for they feared him worse than death.—It is said that the sultan, seeing his troops fly, asked how many Christians they were who were making all this slaughter; he was told that it was only King Richard and his men, and that they were all on foot. Then said the sultan; God forbid that such a noble fellow as King Richard should march on foot—and sent him a noble charger. The messenger took it, and said, 'Sire, the sultan sends you this charger that you may not be on foot.' The king was as cunning as he, and ordered one of his squires to mount the horse in order to try him. The squire obeyed: but the animal proved restive, and, the squire being unable to hold him in, he set off at full speed to the sultan's pavilion. The sultan expected he had got King Richard, but he was mistaken; and so a man ought always to distrust the courtesy of an enemy."

* Richard I. Coeur de Lion.

† In the time of our author it was not only considered beneath the dignity of a knight to combat on foot, but it was not even supposed that infantry were capable of doing much execution.

A COURTIER WHO BEGAN A STORY TO WHICH THERE WAS NO END.

"A PARTY of knights and others were at supper one evening at a great house in Florence, and there was at table a courtier who was a very great talker. After supper, this man began a story, and seemed as if he would never have done with it. A gentleman of the house, who had been attending to the company, and was probably rather hungry, addressed him by name, "Whoever told you this story, did not tell you the whole of it." "How can that be?" said he. "Because," (replied the other) he did not tell you the end." This confounded him, and he held his tongue."

PARTY SPIRIT.

A SPECIES of mental vitriol, which we bottle up in our bosoms that we may squirt it against others; but which, in the meantime, irritates, corrodes and poisons our own hearts. Personality and invective are not only proofs of a bad argument, but of a bad arguer; for politeness is perfectly compatible with wit and logic, while it enhances the triumph of both. By a union of courtesy and talent, an adversary may be made to grace his own defeat, as the sandal tree perfumes the hatchet that cuts it down. Cæsar's soldiers fought none the worse for being scented with unguents, nor will any combatant be weakened by moral suavity. The bitterness of political pamphlets, and newspaper writing, so far from acting as a tonic, debilitates and dishonours

them. A furious pamphleteer, on being reproached with his unsparing acrimony, exclaimed, "Burke, and Curran, and Grattan, have written thus, as well as I." "Ay," said his friend. "but have you written thus *as well* as they?" Political writers and orators must not mistake the rage, the mouthing, and the contortions of the Sibyl for her inspiration.

CURING LAZINESS.—The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that by briskly plying a pump, with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

CHILDREN whose early intellectual development is often the harbinger of a premature decay, may be compared to Pliny's Amygdala, or almond tree, of which the early buds and immature fruits were cut off by the frosts of spring.

AIN'T you afraid you will break while falling so?" said a chap in the pit of a circus, to the clown.—"Why so?" asked the latter. "Because you are a tumbler," rejoined the wag. The clown fainted.

"INDUSTRY must prosper," as the fellow said when holding the baby, while his wife chopped wood.

IN Cork, the crier of the Court, anxious to disperse the crowd around the bar, exclaimed: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the Court."

WHAT does a man die of when he's twenty-one years old? He dies of age.

Why are the Anti-Renters like refractory children? Because they wont submit to *pay-rents*.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

SARSAPARILLA MEAD.—One pound Spanish sarsaparilla—boil five hours, so as to strain off two gallons; add sixteen pounds of sugar, and ten ounces of tartaric acid. One-half wine glass of syrup to one-half pint tumbler of water, and one-half tea-spoonful of soda powder, is a fair proportion for a drink.

INDIAN FLAPJACKS.—Scald a quart of Indian meal; when lukewarm stir in a half pint of flour, half teacup of yeast, and a little salt. Fry them in just fat enough to prevent them from sticking to the pan.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. M. North Brookfield, N. Y. \$5.00; R. S. Romulus, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. Sempromies, N. Y. \$1.00; C. W. W. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Richburgh, N. Y. \$4.00; P. M. Rock Stream, N. Y. \$5.00; A. W. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$0.25; W. B. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$6.00; G. A. Philipston, Ms. \$1.00; S. S. G. Fredonia, N. Y. \$4.00; H. A. Rutland, Pa. \$5.00; A. S. R. Tioga, Pa. \$7.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. George Coles, Mr. Rufus H. Farmer to Miss Catherine Carroll, all of this city. By the Rev. I. C. Boice, Mr. Harvey N. Rowe, of Fair Haven, Ct. to Miss Louisa F. Sloyter, daughter of the late Rev. R. Sloyter.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. I. C. Boice, William Henry Delamater, of Greenport, to Miss Cornelia Moul, of Ghent.

Near Mellenville, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. Nelson Stever to Miss Catharine Maria, daughter of the late Henry Jacobin.

DEATHS.

At Chatham 4 Corners, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Mary, wife of P. W. Bishop, Esq.

At Claverack, on the 29th ult. John L. son of the late Robert Le Roy Livingston, of the above place, in the 31st year of his age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

GATHER around ye objects of my love,
The dearest joys I ever here did prove,
Gather around my aying bed and see,
What in reserve, is hidden now from thee—

How wilt thou meet the dreaded foe of man,
How bear that eye, which every fault will scan;
How breast the waves which will thy bark o'erwhelm,
With no Redeemer standing at the helm?

How wilt thou reach the blissful scenes afar—
Without the light of Bethlehem's guiding star?
That beauteous orb, which sheds its influence bright,
O'er all who seek its peerless rays aright?

Come near my children, take your mother's hand,
Say will ye meet me in a better land?
Shall we again in heaven each other see?
Speak but that word, and all is bright to me.

I'll welcome death—and lay me down to rest,
In calm repose upon our mother's breast;
Thy word of promise, shall my pillow be,
From every thorn, and every sorrow free.

Let the pure love, that ever bound you here,
Hush all your griefs, dry every falling tear,
Oh live and love—when tempted stand and pause—
Scorn not thy brother—for the world's applause—
Oh live for heaven—be sure and meet me there—
This is your mother's last request and prayer.

Sag Harbor, L. I. Dec. 1849.

From the European Magazine.

THE INVISIBLE CAP.

By the Author of *Legends of Lampidoon*, *Lawyer's Portfolio*, &c.

DID fairies now on every gale,
Unseen in cobweb chariots sail,
Or in the velvet rose-bud dwell,
Or feast beneath the cowslip's bell,
My prayer should be from gem to gem
To glide invisible like them,
Or winged like summer's painted fly,
To skim o'er vales and mountains high;
Then safe on clustered roses rest,
A brief, but gay and welcome guest!

Couched on a tulip's dappled bed,
The royal insect heard and said,
"Vain suppliant!—asks thy feeble pride
These wings in gold and azure dyed,
These diamond eyes, this feathery crown,
This vesture fringed with shining down?
Ah!—rather let thy fate be blest
For pomp and beauty unposset!
Hadst thou this crest of downy gold,
This spangled wing's enamelled fold,
Like mine, thy transient joy had been
To grace one brief and busy scene;
To rove from fading flower to flower,
The gaudy empress of an hour;
One winter-day's relentless storm
Had crushed to dust thy tender form,
Or tyrant hands in wanton strife
Had wrecked thy liberty and life.
Such is the flatterer's doom!—art thou
Less blest, less free, than I am now?
Thy doom is in a downy cell
Amidst thy honied store to dwell,
Or on the calm and healthful breeze
Of life's mild noon to float at ease;
Unenvied and unchained to stray
O'er every flower in pleasure's way,

For thee her purest dew distills,
Her rosy hand thy banquet fills,
And fancy's pinions, soft and bright,
May far as mine exalt thy flight;
But if a guardian sylphid's aid
Can raise to bliss a peevish maid,
Behold my power!"—then back he threw
His filmy wings of rainbow hue,
And stood revealed in form and grace,
The Monarch of the elfin race.

"Now ask what woman's whim requires,
Ere Ariel's transient power expires!
Does purple pomp enchant your eyes?
A witless peer shall be your prize,
A chariot and three pair of bays,
A gold-fringed chair for gala-days.
If rural joys your fancy charm,
Your lot shall be a lowland farm:
There with round cheeks of rosy red,
Smooth apron starched and close-capped head,
Your tale shall be of fowls and kine,
Choice drops distilled, and home made wine,
Will these suffice?"

No, none of these—

"Well, would a new-cut mantle please;
A vest of pure ethereal blue,
Or—some of our cosmetic dew?"

"Ariel!—a modest suppliant know—
Thy bounty may a boon bestow
She only asks of power divine
A cap invisible like thine;
A magic cap, to hide the wearer
From critic, 'quisitor, or starrer,
When freckles rise, or dimples fall,
Or when the fading cheek is pale,
Or stubborn curls refuse to twine,
Or hollow eyes no longer shine."

The sylph replied—"My magic treasure,
My cap, invisible at pleasure,
No mortal wears—but mortal skill
May make thy faults invisible:
The power my magic can supply
Good-nature lends to Friendship's eye,
When Friendship's precious veil is near,
Thy graceless curls shall disappear,
Thy cheek shall bloom, thy freckles fade,
And thy best dimples be displayed;
No faults of form or face are seen,
When Candour lends her crystal screen—
Go!—seek Enchantments aid no more,
For hark!—a friend is at the door!"

For the Rural Repository.

TO —

BY AARON DE LANO.

COULD *Hope* alone thy pathway bless—
Or *wishing* bring thee happiness;
Rest well assured, thy life should be
One scene of pleasure, mirth and glee.

No anxious cloud should ever lower,
To dim thy prospects e'en an hour;
But down time's swiftly flowing tide,
Thy little bark should safely glide.

Many should be thy friends, and true,
Affectionate and faithful too;
Nor should thy spirit ever grieve,
Because pretending ones deceive.

But all my wishes are in vain,
Life is a scene of joy and pain;
A cup—a strangely mingled cup—
But each must drink the contents up.

Thou knowest by sad experience taught,
That trials come unlooked—unsought,
That unrelenting death will ever
Seek the fondest ties to sever.

Since earth from grief is never free,
The boon, fair one, I'd crave for thee,
Is power, with equal grace to bear
Sorrow and joy, pleasure and care.

Maine Village, N. Y. 1849.

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